

4-1901

C.A.C. Lookout, Volume 5, Number 10, April 1901

T. F. Downing

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G.A.C. Booklet



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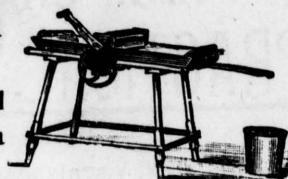
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. . C. A. C. LOOKOUT . .

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1901.

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C. A. C. LOOKOUT.

VOL 5.

STORRS, CONN., APRIL, 1901.

No. 10.

Published monthly during the college year, by the Students of Connecticut Agricultural College. The students and alumni are requested to contribute articles.

Subscribers upon changing their addresses, or upon failure to receive their papers regularly are requested to notify the Business Manager.

The LOOKOUT will be sent to all subscribers until its discontinuance is ordered and arrears are paid. Price 50 cents per year.

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Entered as second class mail matter at the Storrs Post Office May 11, 1896.

With this issue of THE LOOKOUT completes one more volume of its history and a new board of editors will have the pleasure of beginning their duties with our next number.

As the retiring editor-in-chief I can see many mistakes that seem now to have been made needlessly, and I hope and trust that the new board will profit by this experience.

During the past year I have met with some of the usual experiences that are encountered by the editors-in-chief of nearly all papers; and though I admit they have all been met in an amateurish sort of way, they have been at least interesting.

An editor-in-chief ought to be able to write a concise and comprehensive article, setting forth the views of the body, in our case the student's organization, that employs him. He must lose sight of his own personal opinions on the subject which he has in hand; for the environment of his paper must never be forgotten. A course

should be mapped out and followed, one that will meet with the approval of the greatest number of readers to whom the paper caters.

Of course it is more congenial and to the editor's advantage if the views of his paper coincide with his own personal ideas. Unlike some college journals, our paper is not wholly or partially edited by the faculty, but entirely by the students; and, therefore, it is made principally to reflect the ideas of the students as they are expressed daily about the college.

With this fact there are associated many of the editor's joys and sorrows. It has been the editor's endeavor to make THE LOOKOUT give a fair representation of the college in all its phases. Although no slight has been intended with regard to any of the departments, some think that they have been imposed upon by some article that has appeared in our columns, while others think it about time for them to receive some complimentary puff.

To produce the most successful paper it is absolutely necessary that the editorial staff be closely connected with the business management; that is, that the editor-in-chief be, to a certain extent, cognizant of the state of affairs in the financial department. Here it is that the one hundred and fifty dollars appropriated by the Trustees for the benefit of THE LOOKOUT has to be considered. To disregard the givers of one-third our entire running expenses would be worse than foolish, consequently it is policy to work with the Trustees as far as possible, still remembering that we represent mainly a student-body. With the students on one hand and the faculty and trustees on the other, it is delicate work for the editor to bring his journal out of the storm to the satisfaction of the majority. Here it is that an editor needs the tact of a fine diplomat in order not to offend.

The ludicrous and oftentimes nonsensical communications signed with fictitious names in practically all large papers, are not unlike the suggestions for alterations in THE LOOKOUT; and should this publication be conducted according to the various kinds of advice offered by these officious busy-bodies, our unfortunate paper would shortly be relegated to the realms of "innocuous desuetude."

Never-the less I have invited criticism, well knowing its benefits. I have claimed the privilege of criticism; and I have urged it as a duty upon all connected with the college, for I believe that a college paper offers the best possible avenue of communication between the students and college at large.

How often we hear it said, such and such a thing is "impossible for me to accomplish, I am not a genius." It will do us all good to remember what "Billy Fitch" said when asked what genius is. "Why," said he, "genius is labor leavened with enthusiasm."

In this glorious, budding time of spring when everything in the vegetable world which has lain dormant through the cold, bleak months of winter, is now becoming rejuvenated, imbued with new life and awakening vigor, how natural it is to look forward and speculate as to what the harvest will be.

Now the harvest from the soil depends greatly upon the labor and skill of the husbandman; if he is indolent and careless, the result will be disappointment; but if he toils wisely and incessantly, he will surely meet with his reward.

The most delightful chapters in our reading as well as the most charming phrases of our orators are those that liken college days to the springtime, and give assurance that what the student plants in his mind and character then and cultivates during the summer of his manhood, is what he will reap in the harvest of mature years.

The faculty furnish us with the seed of knowledge, and it is safe to say that the seed is fertile; but that seed must be received in the soil of the mind, and there nurtured and cared for until it has taken root, and the plant springs into being.

In this stage of growth, the greatest patience must be exercised. With some the seed develops slowly and demands continual care and labor to coax it into life; with such minds only a strong will and a great tenacity of nature will produce favorable results.

This class, however, usually hold a great advantage over their companions who absorb instruction readily and with little application; for the fundamental parts of knowledge have become more deeply rooted in the former and are thus capable of sustaining a heavier demand when called upon to bear fruit at a later date.

Yet this fact should not discourage the more brilliant student. The one who is

so constructed mentally that he is enabled to solve at once the problems propounded by his teachers, as a rule, readily forgets them. Herein lies his field of labor, he must so cultivate his mind and care for the germs of thought that they will not pine away and become obliterated, but grow strong and firmly imbed themselves in the mental soil, so that when they are wanted they will be found in a thrifty, vigorous condition, ready to be utilized.

Success, we may believe, can only crown the efforts of the student through work, painstaking and intelligent.

In a few short weeks some of us will be called upon to part, perhaps forever, from our associates with whom we have held intercourse during the past four years. At the portals of this institution our respective paths will diverge, and no one knows when, if ever, they may come together again.

Undoubtedly the few who start forth upon the journey of life are buoyed up with courage, hope and enthusiasm. The mental pictures of the future possess rosy tints, there are but few dark shades to cast a gloom upon the landscape; and, well, all this is as it should be.

Adversity more or less serious doubtless will come to all; but it is the height of folly to brood over future ills when the present good may be enjoyed. How many foot-ball players should we see trying for the varsity eleven if they anticipated nothing but a broken leg, arm, or collar bone, forgetting the big letter to be won for their sweaters—the pride of the college athlete, and losing sight of the honor of the college? Just because football sometimes brings broken bones, the athlete does not give himself up to worry and abandon the game. Only it should be borne in mind when troubles do overtake us that they must be endured with fortitude, never forgetting the fact, though it

may seem doubtful at the time, that the back is fitted for the burden.

We must remember that there never was an hour of parting but what brought with it feelings of sorrow, and were it not for the anticipated meeting in the future the heart-aches would be greatly augmented.

Let us, then, hope that when we lay aside our labors here we shall at some time, not far distant, encounter one another and live over in memory the happy days at C. A. C.

We realize now, more than ever, the tax we must have levied upon the patience of those about us and we humbly beseech both faculty and students to overlook our short-comings, to remember the minimum of good they found in our characters and to forget the maximum of perversity and obstinacy.

To our associates, farewell, but bear in mind where e'er we roam, be it by land or sea, next to our home and country, our thoughts and good wishes will revert to you, and to this, our college.

COLLEGE NOTES.

I wish to call the attention of our readers to the method we have adopted by which to increase the number of College Notes.

In the past it has been the duty of the Editor of College Notes to secure and prepare his own material. Now, through the advice of Professor Stimson, the members of the two upper classes are asked each month to hand in any news items that they deem suitable for our paper. These are handed to the College Notes Editor and he selects what items seem most interesting, and arranges them, making whatever revisions he may think necessary in their form of statement. In this way the various happenings in and about the college are coming to be more adequately reported.

Several of the students remained here at college during the Easter vacation. Most of them found work on the different departments.

At a recent business meeting of the Board of Editors of the C. A. C. LOOKOUT, Mr. L. F. Harvey, '02, was elected Editor-in-Chief and Mr. A. B. Clark, Business Manager.

Occasionally "concerts" are given in the new vault at the cemetery. Tickets for sale at the door.

The Junior Rhetoricals were given on Thursday evening, March 15th. The following are the four speakers chosen for the prize speaking, which is to take place next June: Mr. Farrel, Miss Olin, Mr. Twing and Mr. A. N. Clark.

Mr. Fairchild is taking special work under Dr. Mayo, in the practical part of Veterinary Science.

Mr. H. L. Garrigus, who is employed at the Storrs Experiment Station, has completed his feeding tests about the State for this season, and is now making preparations for the field tests during the summer.

The farm department has purchased a very fine pair of four-year old Devon oxen.

Dr. Davies recently addressed the M. R. L., on "The Relation of Good Conduct to Morals and Manners."

The White Duck Ball is to be given sometime in May.

Miss Laura J. Wheeler has chosen the fair land of Spring Hill as her place of residence for the Spring term.

Mr. Boyd Edwards of Williams College, addressed the Y. M. C. A., on "Noble Characters," Wednesday evening, April 10th.

Professor Gulley took a flying trip to Buffalo during the vacation, on business connected with the Connecticut Agricultural Exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition. He is chairman of the horticultu-

ral committee.

Professor Beach visited New Fairfield in the Easter vacation and lectured on "The Dairy Cow."

Dr. Waters spent the vacation at his home in Baltimore, Md.

Professor and Mrs. Ballou and Professor and Mrs. Stimson were in Massachusetts over Easter.

The freshmen seem to think a great deal of pork. It would be safer to handle it salted.

They say the attendance at the church is decreasing, especially on the student's side of the house, since the warm spring days have appeared. It is probably due to the spring fever.

Mr. Howard Field, of East Hampton, a senior at Middletown High School, spent Sunday, April 14, at the college as the guest of Mr. E. H. Moriarity.

The rule passed by the faculty regarding the standard that our athletes shall attain in order to represent the college is a good thing. It may act as a stimulus upon some who are inclined to take life easy especially in the spring.

Many of the students are looking forward to the time this summer when they will be at liberty to attend the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

Professor Stimson gave a lecture at the Prospect Farmer's Institute, March 21, on "Culture and Agriculture."

Mr. M— pitching a speedy ball and hitting the batter, "Oh! did it hurt you?" (No reply) "Let me hit you with the old ball then."

Quite a large number of the students attended the entertainment at Hillside Hall, on April 13, given by the members and friends of the South Willington band.

Mr. E. T. Kuzirian, '01, gave a talk on "Armenia, Its Condition and Prospect," at the Congregational church of Willington, Sunday, April 28th.

It is doubtful whether some of the students returning to college after vacation would patronize a trolley line in preference to one of the old forms of conveyance from Willimantic.

The campus has been raked and set in order for the summer by Professor Gulley's corps of assistants.

Dr. Mayo is breaking a colt for a South Coventry man.

Undoubtedly there will be some sorry fellows after our competitive drill. We have had it set before us that the best time to be sorry for a wrong act is fifteen minutes before we do it, and then not to do it. Now my young friends, when on drill, if you would make up your deficiencies and not keep doing things that you have to be corrected for, you would soon win the high esteem of your superior officers.

Only five students, three seniors and two juniors have written for the Hicks prizes and all of these are young men. One of the essays, a junior's did not stand the test of the committee.

Professor and Mrs. Wheeler attended the banquet of the Oberlin Alumni of New York at the Alden Club, March 29. One hundred and fifteen alumni were present and listened attentively to the after-dinner speakers, among whom were President John Henry Barrows, author of "A World Pilgrimage," and of other books, and Professor G. Frederick Wright, author of "The Ice Age in North America" and of several geological treatises, and writer upon Christianity in its relation to science. Professor Wright had all but circled the earth in his search for evidences of the ice age, he being within one day's travel of home. The result of his investigations will be published during the coming year.

Professor Wheeler attended the meeting of the Connecticut Civil Engineers' and Surveyors' Association at New Haven on April 20th.

Mr. Lyman thought Dr. Mayo's colt needed to be given a little early morning exercise recently, but the colt reversed the process and exercised him.

W. F. Stocking has purchased the shoe repairing outfit of J. B. Twing, and is now ready to furnish you with new soles, not that immortal part of a man, but that part of his wearing apparel which is a constant source of expense to him.

Miss Beth Flint has been home from her school in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Her vacation extended over Easter and she was here at the opening of our spring term.

At the men's meeting of the Willimantic Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon, April 21, Professor Stimson gave the address.

An entertainment for the benefit of the Athletic Association was given in the College Hall, Saturday evening, March 23 1901. The program consisted of a drill by the cottage girls, a short open meeting of the Alethia society and a series of athletic feats by some of the boys, assisted by Professor Knowles.

Miss Rollinson held her dancing class reception in the College Hall, on March 23. A pleasant time was enjoyed by everyone present.

The seniors have begun their field work in surveying.

Professor Wheeler: (giving the titles of pamphlets which the students in engineering were to read and report upon in class,) "The Use of Convict Labor for Building Roads."

The "Monk," (holding out his hand for the pamphlet,) "I want that, I want to know what I shall have to do in after life."

Dr. Davies has been honored by an appointment to lecture next year on Philosophy to the students in the junior and senior classes of the academic department of Yale University.

Professor Stimson preached again in the Congregational Church at Willimantic, Sunday, April 14, the pastor, the Rev. E. A. George, having suddenly been taken sick.

A junior was found reflecting :

"It is too bad that more young ladies do not attend college. As it is now the proportion is about 3 to 1 and it causes more or less foot-racing after meetings and lectures. The Matron has made a rule that no young lady shall spend the entire evening with one gentleman. Some like this rule very much, while others think it an outrage."

Enthusiastic base-ball player commenting upon the proficiency of our team; "I tell you, we are a pretty warm aggravation."

Our military company's roll, already small enough, has been further decreased in numbers by the failure of Hinman, Trowbridge, C. P. Clark and Preston to return this term.

The new custom of serving breakfast at 6.30, though some call the meal our "mid-night lunch," is becoming popular with those who depend upon the period between breakfast and chapel for the preparation of their day's recitations.

Bicycling enthusiasts perform, to the delectation of all, in front of the main building and cottage, every evening. Crowell, '02, is riding a very pretty new Columbia.

The social event of vacation was the "Sheet and Pillow case Masquerade Ball" in the collage hall, Saturday evening April 6.

Rhapsody by a rising genius,
Oh, wavy, wet and watery sea,
If I could but write poetry,
I'd rattle off an ode to thee.
O! hully gee!

A cold storage plant is soon to be established at the new agricultural building.

It will be put in place by The Barber Co., of Chicago, and will consist practically of five distinct refrigerators, one for the horticultural department to keep fruit, one for the poultry department to keep eggs and chickens dressed for market, one for the farm department so that animals slaughtered, may be kept in the best condition until delivered to consumers, and two for the dairy—one for butter, the other for milk. And it is hoped that the plant will be ready for inspection and use before commencement.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'85. We take the following from Old Saybrook items in a recent *Hartford Courant*, Robert A. Ayer of Olympia, Wash., youngest son of Edwin Ayer, is in town to look after the interests of his father's estate.

'86. Professor Chamberlain was paid a visit by his son, Wilbur L. Chamberlain, recently.

'94. '98. Mr. J. C. Frisbee and Mr. C. S. Francis have accepted positions with the Sanderson and Porter Electrical Construction Company of Peekskill, N. Y.

'93. We are always glad to welcome the alumni back to the college, but we were especially so in this case. Our new electric time system, which kept us for a few days in constant confusion as to the time of day, has been put in good order again by Mr. Frederick W. Darnstedt of Hartford, Ct.

95. The health of Trustee Frisbee is much improved. He spent a couple days at Storrs recently.

'97. We are glad to learn that Mr. R. D. Gilbert, B. S., has been appointed assistant instructor in Chemistry at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. He began his work on the eighth of April.

'97. '99 We take much pleasure in announcing the engagement of Miss Katherine Rosetta Yale to Mr. Victor E. Luchinni. Mr. Luchinni, who has been connected with Swift and Company of New York City for a few months, has resigned his position to take charge of the Judge Coe farm at Meriden.

'98 During the coming season Mr. C. S. Chapman will study under the supervision of the U. S. Department of Forestry

'98. Mr. Harry L. Garrigus has finished making feed tests and has taken up his work at the Experiment Station again.

'98. It is with much delight that we learn of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Lipman to Mr. Joseph William Pincus, both of Woodbine, N. J.

The management of the athletics at the college wishes, in this number of THE LOOKOUT, to thank those of the Alumni who have so kindly contributed to help support the athletics of the college. The Athletic Association is in much need of money and a more general support in this way is very much desired, and would be highly appreciated.

'98. Mr. Max Shaffrath of Amherst "Aggie" visited his Alma mater for a few days during vacation.

'98 Mr. C. G. Smith will enter Yale Forestry School next fall. Mr. Smith is now student assistant at the Forestry Department, Washington, D. C.

'98. At the hearing of the committee on appropriations in Hartford, in regard to the appropriation of \$25,000 for the Mechanical Department at the college, Mr. Norman J. Webb was present to support the bill. Mr. Webb has been ill with malaria.

'00. We have with us again on the campus our old friend H. D. Edmond. Mr. Edmond, who began his work April 15th, is student assistant at the Farm

Department.

Ex. '00. C. S. Fitts has joined Co. D. 1 st. Reg. C. N. G. of Bristol.

'00 Miss Hester Hall and Miss Anna Conger visited, during the vacation, with Miss Lena Roberts, Ex. '00., at her home in Centerville, Ct. Miss Hall also spent a few days at the College the last of March.

'99. Since the death of Miss Edna M. Nason, Miss Ida L. Hobby is taking her place at the school in Atwoodville.

'00. Miss Anna Jacobson of Boston Y. W. C. A. has been entertained among her many friends on the campus for several days recently.

A statement in the Alumni Notes of the January LOOKOUT may have been misleading. We did not mean to detract anything from the credit of previous editors, many of whom have done excellent work. We understand that many efforts had been made to induce more of the Alumni to subscribe, but the results have never been encouraging. The fact that the number of the Alumni who take this paper is extremely small, and that not a single copy is sent to a single member of two classes that have graduated within the last ten years, leads one to look for reasons. THE LOOKOUT being a comparatively new paper and the alumni so widely scattered, accounts largely for this condition. The merit of the paper at times may be another reason. I believe copies have been sent out that were not worth their price to many. We hope no future copies will be printed that will not be worth at least five cents to every reader and that the Alumni will be more loyal to this college institution by contributing articles and by subscribing.

The Alumni members of the Electic Literary Society are cordially invited to attend the Eighth Annual Banquet and Reunion to be held in the College Hall,

Monday evening, June seventh, 1901, from seven to ten.

The "Shakes" hold their Eighth Annual Banquet on Monday evening, June 17. All old club members are invited and requested to be present. If you do not receive an invitation remember it is a mistake, for we intend to slight no one.

C. S. C.

With deep regret we record the death of Miss Edna Mabel Nason, who passed away at the age of twenty-two on March seventeenth. While at college she was a faithful student and held the respect and friendship of both students and faculty. Her loss is mourned by all who knew her.

The funeral was largely attended. The Military Company was present, all its members in crape to do honor to their former college-mate. Only a little more than half of the class were able to be present, but a most beautiful floral piece in the shape of a pillow, on which was inscribed "Our Classmate," stood for the love of the whole class. Many flowers were also presented by friends and the college faculty.

The ceremonies were very impressive. Scripture was read by a former pastor, the Rev. Mr. Baker, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Clarence Pike, of Mansfield Centre; these were followed by two touching addresses by the pastor of the church, the Rev. Mr. Crabb and by President Flint. There was appropriate music rendered by a quartet, consisting of Mrs. R. W. Stimson, Professor and Mrs. Wheeler, and Mr. Joseph Blakeslee.

After the ceremonies at the church the deceased was taken to the Gurleyville cemetery and interred amid evidences of the deepest grief.

THE ART OF FENCING.

Perhaps there is no other sport which has proved as beneficial to man as fencing. Its superiority over other sports lies in its combining so many qualities essential to the perfect development of the body. In fencing, all the muscles of the body are also largely exercised. It teaches one to come to a decision quickly and quickly to act.

One of the advantages of fencing as a defensive art, is that it does not require so much strength as skill. The truth of their assertion is readily seen when it is remembered that women learn to fence as well as their brothers. Fencing, then, differs in this respect from boxing, where the adversaries must be of equal weight.

The rules in fencing are few and distinct, but that they should be carefully observed, is of the first importance.

There are eight parries and a number of thrusts and feints. A parry is a defense of the body made with one's blade, to prevent the point of the adversary's blade from hitting the body. A feint is a movement made to deceive an adversary and therefore precedes a thrust, in order to throw him off his guard.

There are two schools of fencing: the French and the Italian. They differ widely in certain respects. The Frenchman holds his ground, while the Italian continually shifts his position and jumps around his antagonist, maneuvering so as to get an advantage. The Italian system is in accordance with the Italian temperament, quick and impetuous; it requires more exertion, and therefore tires one more quickly than the French system.

Naturally, a certain amount of rivalry has always existed between the two schools. An anecdote of Napoleon's time in regard to this rivalry, may perhaps be interesting enough to relate here. In the Emperor's army there were Italian as well as French fencing masters, and the rivalry

between them resulted in continual dueling, whereby many brave men were killed. Napoleon's patience being at an end, he resolved to settle the question once for all. Accordingly, he ordered a body of French fencing masters to meet the Italians and fight it out. The Italians were represented by fifteen picked men. The number of the French is not significant, as only one of them did any fighting. The first Frenchman to step up for the encounter was named Jean Louis. He soon put his adversary *hors de combat*. The next Italian who attempted to avenge his countryman suffered the same fate, and so it went till Jean Louis had wounded or killed thirteen men. The two remaining Italians, thinking discretion the better part of valor, declined to encounter the Frenchman. For the time, at least, this settled the question.

Dueling with rapiers has gradually decreased, till at the present time it is practically extinct in England. The French and Italians, however, still cling to their favorite weapon. Though duels are occasionally fought in France, Italy and other European countries, they are becoming more and more rare. Dueling at one time was the favorite occupation of the nobleman. In the reign of Louis XIII, duels became so frequent that an edict was passed against them.

A graceful carriage is acquired by practice in fencing, and for this reason many ladies in high society learn the art of wielding the foil. There are fencing schools in New York City, of which almost all the pupils are women.

Fencing is an art which we Americans have always neglected; but its peculiar advantage and characteristic qualities are becoming more and more recognized, and it is to be hoped that in the future it will receive its due share of notice.

CHARLES L. FOUBERT.

THE ART OF CORRECT SPELLING.

Nothing is more important in composition than correct spelling. Punctuation may be neglected, capitals may be misplaced, the handwriting may lack mechanical skill; and yet, if the writer has thoughts worthy of record, all these deficiencies may be condoned. Not so, if the spelling is incorrect. We begin to be critical at the first symptom of the composer's inability to spell correctly. We involuntarily discount his faculty of observation, and if we do not set him down, in our own estimate, as an ignoramus, we class him with the unfortunates, whose early education must have been sadly neglected. This may be a harsh conclusion, but somehow it has come to be the popular standard of judgment, from which there seems to be no appeal.

Our schools, in comparison with those of a half-century ago, are giving but little attention to this very fundamental part of every student's education. No more unfortunate omission could occur in the curriculum of the common school than this, for it subjects its victim, or exposes him, to a life-time of criticism and often of humiliation.

Our contention is, that, first of all, in the order of mental acquirements, comes that of expressing thought in correct terms, both oral and written. Bad pronunciation is the natural associate of bad spelling. With the orthography of a word clearly in mind, its articulation becomes more surely correct. Without such a mental picture pronunciation becomes only guesswork, with the greater liability in favor of a false utterance. And this liability is greatly increased when the pen assumes the role of the tongue, and utters the thoughts in written forms.

A fundamental knowledge of one's own language is the first accomplishment of true scholarship. This should include both the derivation and the construction

of words, for without this familiarity with their significance and form, our thoughts will fail of adequate expression, and our words will reveal a radical defect in our education, however broad and inclusive it may be.

L. P. CHAMBERLAIN,

KING FREDERICK AND THE IRISH GIANT.

A story is told of Frederick William I., who began his reign as second king of Prussia in 1713, and who drilled an army in the time of peace for war.

His soldiers were all giants, but in order to get these large men he was obliged to send out officers to find them. A sergeant while in London ran across such a man and asked him to come and dine with him, meanwhile, of course, praising him up as a soldier. And as a result the Irish giant agreed to go with the sergent to work as a soldier.

Of course the Irishman couldn't talk German, so the sergeant taught him a little. He told him when the king asked him how old he was, to say, "Twenty-seven years," and when he asked him how long he had been a soldier to say, "Three weeks," and when asked if he had clothes and rations to say, "Both."

In about three weeks the Irishman was brought before the king and questioned. When the king saw such a giant he was delighted.

The king asked him how long he had been a soldier and the Irishman said "Twenty seven years." Then how old he was, and he told him "Three weeks." The king was now pretty angry and asked which one was a fool himself or the Irishman, and the Irishman answered "Both."

The Irishman was taken to prison and he decided that he would never again pretend to be what he was not. Of course he was released after the matter was explained.

LAURA WHEELER, '02.

OUR MAILS.

There has recently been established in our district a system of rural free delivery of the mails. Like most other undertakings of its kind, even when admirably planned, it has taken time for it to get into working order. At first we received but one mail a day, although there was a mail man and team twice a day and two mails could be sent away from the college. This was very unsatisfactory. Any mails coming to Eagleville through the day after the first early morning mail left for delivery by the carrier, had necessarily to wait over until the next morning. They were "so near and yet so far," only down at Eagleville, and yet we could not get them. And our mails which we sent away by the morning carrier were taken all over the town of Mansfield before starting on any railroad journey, thus causing much delay. The noon carrier came from Mansfield Center and delivered any mail that might come addressed to that place, but no Storrs mail came there and hence he could only benefit us by taking away our out-going mail.

For reasons unknown many delays took place and at times mails were several days behind time. Now the cog-wheels of the machine are getting into better order and we are getting better service. The morning mail is now delivered as before and the carrier takes away our mail. This brings our Hartford morning papers and our letters, papers and periodicals from other parts of the State. At noon the Mansfield Centre carrier takes our mail away. In the afternoon there is another delivery bringing the Boston and New York papers and also letters. And there is at this time another opportunity to send the mail away.

Before the establishment of the new system the farmers in this vicinity would go to get their mail only once or twice a week. Now it is brought to their homes every day; and there is nothing to prevent their

taking a daily paper and thus keeping in touch with the world at large.

We, at the college, get our mails no oftener than under the old system; it certainly must be a great advantage to others, however, and it will instill into the minds of the students here the practicability and usefulness of the system and thus hasten its introduction into the communities from which they come.

EDWIN P. BROWN, '00.

SPRING FEVER.

Spring Fever is a disease which attacks the younger members of the human family in the early days of spring. It is a delightful ailment and it is caused by some unseen power which provokes the joyfulness of youth to a great extent.

When the buds begin to swell and the grass begins to turn green under the influences of the first balmy days, this unseen power lays hold of the youth and prevails upon him to go without a hat and stay out of doors a larger part of his time.

There is no place in the universe where the attacks of this malady are more strongly felt than here upon our College campus. The campus is fresh and inviting and we feel a longing to roll and tumble upon the grass. It is the feeling of pent-up energy which has been stored up during the long winter months when we could not roam outside with comfort and exercise ourselves within without some discomfort.

As long as this feeling is kept within bounds it is proper that it should have a place in our daily routine, but when it becomes too extravagant and takes the time away from our classes, we should hold it in check.

The trouble with many persons is that they carry anything too far and do not know when to stop. This part of the matter should be considered and we young people should govern ourselves accordingly.

L. F. HARVEY, '02.

ROBBED ON THE ROAD.

On a dark, stormy night, a few years ago, I was in a town about four miles from home, with no means of travel, except Shank's mare. It was already late and I was obliged to pick my way to my home alone.

The road was rough and crooked, and seemed exceedingly long. There was one spot on it that I especially shrank from passing. It was a strip near the river where a hill, known as Tuttle's hill, had been cut down; the over-hanging trees made it a place to be dreaded by night travelers, and it had been the scene of more than one robbery. Before leaving the town I filled up with courage and then started off boldly. I was already feeling the worst kind of loneliness when I reached Tuttle's hill. I had grown somewhat weak, also, not from carrying the thirteen dollars that were in my pocket, but from some other mysterious cause. When half-way up the hill, I suddenly heard a man's foot-steps. He had heard me and was coming rapidly toward me. I stood still, my heart was beating like a hammer. I was too much exhausted to run, though I had courage enough left in my fists to stand and await the issue. He drew nearer and nearer and when within a couple of feet of me demanded:

"I say there, give me a match to light my pipe with, will ye?"

A. B. CLARK, '02.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

If we do not have the best base-ball team this spring C. A. C. has ever been able to produce, it will be no one's fault but that of the players, providing they have the necessary collateral to see them through a successful season. So let the students remember that if they can not all make the team, they can at least make some one else work harder to hold his po-

sition ; and let us all remember that money is needed as well as players.

Our base-ball season has opened very favorably and we hope to continue the good work begun. This year we had to have several new players to fill vacancies left by the graduates of last year. It is thought that the important position of catcher will be successfully filled by a new man. Most of the team thus far, however, are old players who have already had one year or more of practice on the team.

C. A. C. VS. MIDDLETOWN HIGH SCHOOL.

This game was played on our athletic field and is the first one of the season. The Middletown players were weak at batting and were somewhat handicapped by the sun shining in their faces. We had the same sun, but our fielders did not have to look up at it so much as theirs did. The Middletown pitchers only struck out five men, while McLean and Moriarity struck out sixteen. The score was C. A. C. 11 ; M. H. S. 3.

Summary

	R.	H.	E.	S. S.
C. A. C.	11	14	4	5
M. H. S.	3	2	5	16

The schedule of games for the season so far as arranged, is as follows :—

April 13.	Middletown H. S.	at	C. A. C.
" 20.	Willimantic	at	"
" 27.	Meridan H. S.	at	"
May 1.	Pomfret	at	Pomfret
" 4.	M. A. C.	at	Amherst
" 11.	Open		
" 18.	Deep River	at	Deep River
June 8.	Morse Business College	at	C. A. C.
" 8.	R. I. C.	at	C. A. C.
" 15.	M. A. C.	at	"

A JUNIOR REFLECTION

'Twas in the fall of ninty-eight
We matchless youths of Nutmeg State,
With foot steps bent on roads to fame,
To this high place of learning came.

True, we were crude and in the rear
Through all that weary freshman year ;
But up that steep and slipp'ry grade
We sure and steady progress made.

Lo ! three sweet years already flown—
Such years of " plugging " ne'er were known.
Each day glides by with added speed—
Each day we grind with greater greed.

Now let us keep our record white,
Both pure and honest, day and night,
So when we're gone to other shores,
We'll e'er be called "The Cream of Storrs."
A. B. Clark, '02.

HOPPING

ORRA A. PHELPS.

It was a lovely September day, and the three big children were home from school for the morning, when the question was asked, " Who wants to go hopping with mamma ?"

Every one did, of course—Francis and Lawrence and Orra and Laddie said so, while the two babies, who were too young to talk, looked wisely interested.

" But what is ' hopping,' mamma ?" asked Orra, the five-year-old. Before mamma had a chance to answer, Lawrence, wise in the wisdom of his " six years, 'most seven," answered, " Why, don't you know ? You jump first on one foot and then on the other." Mamma laughed at this explanation, and told them, if they would hurry home from school that afternoon, they should all go hopping, and find out what it was.

Just a few minutes after four they came, and found mamma and Laddie waiting for them.

" You two big boys take papa's wastebasket, " directed mamma, " and we'll go."

So Francis and Lawrence took the big, tall basket by its handles, and swung it between them as they skipped along the path to the road. Mamma followed, lead-

ing Orra and Laddie. Little Phoebe-bird stood at the window, waving both hands, while Baby Katrin crowed and jumped in her carriage as though she would like to go too.

Down the little hill they went, under the widespreading maple-tree, where the children's sand-heap was, up a tiny hill by the church, then under the old oak, and over a little strip of grass to the wild garden.

Here the wild hop-vines had just run riot over ground and bushes and fence: one strong and beautiful vine had even climbed up the side of the toolhouse and hung his green bells among the more aristocratic blossoms of the purple clematis. Everywhere there were hops. Then it was the children knew what mamma meant by going hopping.

The boys put down the basket, and all began eagerly to strip the pretty vines of their treasures.

Such adventures as they had! Orra saw a tiny snake; Lawrence found a wonderful web, spun by Madame Spider, and madame herself, in her reception dress of black and gold, waiting for callers; Francis tumbled down and spilled all the hops; Laddie slipped on a rock and fell headforemost into the tangle of vines, where he stuck, struggling and screaming, until mamma pulled him out by his heels.

By and by the basket was quite full, and they started home. Over the grass, under the trees, uphill and down, swinging the basket and singing,—

"We've been a-hopping, a-hopping, a-hopping;
We've been a-hopping with mamma to-day."

Days and days after, when the hops were quite dry, and Christmas-time was coming—mamma brought them down, and, with the help of the children, made pretty hop-pillows to send away as gifts. Then there was another happy day, as the children filled the pillows and talked of the fun

they had in "going hopping with mamma." Storrs, Conn.

The above article has just appeared in the *Western Christian Advocate* April 10, p. 459, and will interest the friends of Professor and Mrs. Phelps.

"SHE NODDIT TO ME"

[The following verses attracted the Queen's attention in an Aberdeen paper. Her Majesty was so pleased with them that she demanded the name of the author, who soon after received a mark of her Majesty's esteem.]

I'm but an auld body
Living up in Deeside,
In a twa-roomed bit hoosie,
Wi' a toofa' beside;
Wi' my coo an' my grumphy
I'm as happy's a bee,
But I'm far prouder noo
Since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi't—
I' gie trig an' hale,
Can plant twa-three tawties
An' look aifter my kale;
An' when oor Queen passes
I rin oot to see,
Gin by luck she micht notice
And nod oot to me!

But I've aye been unlucky,
And the blinds were aye doon,
Till last week the time
O' her veesit cam roon,
I waved my bit of apron
As brisk's I could dee,
An' the Queen lauched fu' kindly,
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—
It's nae eese to freit—
An' yet when I think o't
I'm sair like to greet.
She may feel for my sorrow—
She's a mither, ye see—
An' maybe she kept o't
When she noddit to me!

Boston Evening Transcript

February 9, 1901, p. 10.

FROM ARMENIA TO AMERICA,

(continued)

NOTE: This should have appeared in our last number but was omitted by mistake.

We wandered through the city the whole day, not knowing where to go or where to find a refuge.

About sunset we proceeded toward the Armenian church, hoping to find there some means of safety. The Armenians hold morning and evening services every day of the week, all seasons of the year. As we approached the church, the evening service was just over, and we stood in the yard by the church door.

Our strange appearance and the contrast which our muleteer's suit made with the comparatively fine dresses of the church attendants, drew considerable attention to us. Out of curiosity the people gathered around and began questioning us.

When the priest came out of the church, the people gave way and we had an opportunity to see him. Fearfully we made a bow of reverence; then we told him of our condition and asked shelter for the night.

Our desires were fulfilled. The priest kindly ordered that two rooms in the church-yard be thrown open to us. We passed the night and the succeeding eleven days in those two rooms without paying any rent.

After we had been two days in those rooms, our two other comrades, whom we had lost after the policeman met us in the inn, found us and we four lived together while we remained at Erzroom.

We seldom went away from the neighborhood of the church. Whenever we were obliged to go to market we wore our muleteer suits and went out with comparative safety. Moreover, we had studied the fashion of the native Armenian costume and had imitated somewhat the required form. By this method we were able to attend church and other meetings,

and to go about among the natives without any special danger of being arrested.

In the course of our stay at Erzroom, through the kindness and assistance of several Armenians, we were able to find somebody that would lead us to the Russian frontier. We agreed to leave at Erzroom a certain amount of money (about three dollars for each person,) and this money was to be paid to our guide if he brought from us a letter announcing our safe arrival in Russia, otherwise the money was to remain ours.

The next great question was how to get out of the city without falling under the claws of Turkish officers. We took great pains to dress like the Turk peasants of Erzroom, and then decided that every one should depend upon his own ingenuity and cleverness to find a way to get out.

I went to the meat market and bought the *jiger* (heart, lungs and liver together) of a sheep, paying the equivalent of two-and-a-half cents. Then finding myself ready I proceeded toward the gate of the city. I bore an air of frankness and confidence as if familiar with the surroundings through having been there many a time. I held the *jiger* in my right hand, not wrapped in paper but so that everybody could distinctly see what I had. The soldiers of the guard saw me coming, but the presence of the *jiger* and the frankness of my movements, naturally suggested to their minds that I was a country lad from one of the surrounding villages and was carrying home some cheap food-stuff for the family. They turned away and paid no more attention to me. In less than half a minute I was out of the entrance. My joy was boundless, my cheeks turned red and hot, my heart beat hard and quick, but my legs almost failed me. Knowing, however, that the danger was already passed I gradually overcome my anxiety and kept on walking.

But I had not forgotten my companions. How glad I should be if only they too were out with me! A crowd of men and donkeys was coming in a great hurry, and raising a cloud of dust. I hoped that my companions were in that crowd and began to walk slowly to let the crowd come up with me. To my immeasurable gladness I found that my comrades had availed themselves of the opportunity, by mingling with the crowd of Kurd peasants as they come out of the city.¹ We soon got together and continued on our way. And as soon as we were far enough from the city gate, I threw away the burdensome *jiger*.

We had walked three hours along the highway when our guide, Ali, a Mohammedan of Laz race, overtook us on horseback. He was accompanied by two other Armenian young men who were to go to Russia on the same trip. Those two were of one of the villages of Erzroom. We walked two hours more and at sunset arrived at an Armenian village. Ali led us to an Armenian's house, where we were welcomed heartily and given our supper without any charge of money.

At seven o'clock of the same evening we left that house to continue our journey. Two young men from that house accompanied us and led us through the village. They so sympathized with us that they shook our hands and wished us success over and over again. We finally parted and each party took its way.

The night was a dark one, not a single star could be seen in the sky. We had to travel during the night in order to avoid the danger of being arrested by the Turkish officers. Sometimes we followed the ordinary roads or paths, but we usually went through fields, valleys and over mountains. We walked the whole night unceasingly and all the while keeping pace

with Ali's horse, continued our march till about nine o'clock of the morning of the next day. By this time we reached a lonesome inn amid the mountains where we stopped to take a little rest, to get something to eat, and also to avoid traveling during the day.

Twenty hours had passed since we had left Erzroom, and during the whole of that time we had traveled with tremendous speed with an intermission of only a single hour, during which we stopped at the Armenian's house for our supper, and we were glad enough to take a little rest. While we remained at the inn, our leader, Ali, left us with the words: "I will be back within two hours."

When he returned he did not have his horse but he had brought a Berdan rifle, a Turkish schmitter and two sets of cartridges in leather belts, one set being around his waist and another across his shoulder. He had also a companion who was similarly armed and who was to accompany us for the safety of the party.

It will perhaps be not out of place to say that smuggling men from Turkey into Russia was Ali's regular business, and he had made a great name for himself. He knew every rock and hole in that vicinity. He was a medium-sized, rather small man, of middle age, and could jump or climb from one rock to another with the lightness and cleverness of a mountain goat.

At four o'clock of the afternoon of the same day we left the inn. Our party was composed of eight men, six Armenians and two Lazs. The oldest among the Armenians was twenty-five years old and the rest of us were eighteen, twenty and twenty-one. During the warmth of our speedy walk, Ali told us that we should be able to reach the Russian boundary two hours before sunrise the next morning, if we continued to march as fast as we had been doing. We told him that we

¹ Kurd's are a Mohammedan race in Turkey, and did great mischief during the Armenian massacres.

would do our best, and continued our march accordingly.

About sunset he said to the party: "Fellows, at dawn to-morrow we will depart from each other, it will be somewhat dark then, and besides we will be too much in a hurry to stop and wait until you could write your note, which I am to take to your friends at Erzroom, to prove your safe arrival on Russian soil and thus receive my money; therefore, you would better write your note now, keep it by you and give it to me when we arrive at the boundary." Accordingly, I wrote the note and every one of us signed it, then I kept it in my pocket.

We were glad that we had come so near to the Russian boundary, and the very idea of it gave us added strength, courage and endurance. Moreover, we knew that we were in the most dangerous part of our journey; we knew that both the Turkish and Russian boundaries were guarded by the soldiers of the respective countries, and that we could not be too careful in our movements. We passed without exchanging a word or a whisper, like shadows of spectres, through the darkness of the night.

We had left the roads and paths and we confined ourselves to mountains. This was the safest course we could pursue, yet many a time we had to climb up such steepes that we often slipped or rolled ten, twenty, to thirty feet down. We bore all these difficulties with willingness, always hoping that the end was near.

At about three o'clock in the morning we suddenly heard the bark of a dog. We turned toward the direction of the barking and saw a light. Ali told us in a whisper that the bark and the light were from the tents of the Turkish guard, and that we must be careful. We stopped for a few moments to see if the Turkish soldiers were awake. Upon not hearing any footstep and not perceiving any movement around the tents, we kept on walking.

After we had gone half an hour, Ali stopped us and whispered the following: "We have passed the Turkish guard and this mountain," He showed the mountain at the foot of which we stood, "ends the Turkish soil. If you pass this mountain you will be in Russia and safe. * There is an Armenian village at the foot of the other side of this mountain, go there and they will help you in every way." He added: "Aim exactly at the summit of this mountain—and never lose its location—pass by it and you will find the village on the other side within an hour's walk. Now it is no more necessary that we should accompany you fellows because you could go without us. Besides we must also withdraw from this place before the daylight comes, because the Turkish soldiers will fall on us and we shall have a clash. Now give me the note which you wrote yesterday and it is time for us to depart." Finding all, Ali said evidently true, with the consent of my comrades, I handed him the note; we all shook hands and Ali with his companion departed.

We walked or rather wandered over that mountain about two hours, but we never reached the summit indicated nor did we find the village. It was now daylight. We could see ten or a dozen summits instead of one. Presently we began to conflict as to which one of the summits it was that Ali had showed us. Some of the party said that it was not this summit but that, and some said that it was not that one but the other. We four fellows from Harpoot insisted on one summit, and the other two fellows from Erzroom insisted on another. We could no longer agree and each party took the direction they claimed to be the right one.

E. T. KUZERIAN, '01

(to be continued.)

* This part of the country formerly belonged to the Armenian Kingdom, and though recently the country has passed under Turkish or Russian rules the Armenians generally have continued to live where their ancestors were and Armenian villages or inhabitants are to be met about everywhere in Asia Minor and Caucasia,

FOR FAIR HARVARD AND THE BRIDE

Stroke Ford of Harvard might have been called anything but a happy man as he ran up the steps at Red Top, the crew's training quarters, one beautiful moonlight night in June.

If people had been aware that "Bob," as he was commonly called, had just proposed to Beatrice Wellington, who was on her father's yacht lying quietly at anchor in the placid waters of the Thames, they would have expected him to be an intensely happy man. For, was it not on the lips of everybody that Miss Wellington, the most beautiful heiress in all Boston and the belle of the previous season, had shown an opening preference for him?

From what was known to all and from certain other little things known only to himself, Bob Ford had felt reasonably confident, as he promenaded aft with Miss Wellington where they could watch the moon as it rose like a huge golden wheel over the top of Newbury's Mountain, throwing its golden light on the noble pine forest that bedecked the mountain side until it looked as if King Midas had placed upon it his marvelous golden touch and where as they stood together they could see Well-brook, a little stream that had its source far up in the mountain top and trickled between the pines like a line of molten silver to the great black valley beneath.

But when at last the great question came out, in a very blunt form indeed it seemed to Ford, Miss Wellington turned her laughing, hazel blue eyes upon him, and simply said, "To-day Captain Drew of Yale has proposed to me; and I told him, as I now tell you, the side that wins the race, wins the bride. Go and do your best for fair Harvard."

And so Bob Ford, the crack stroke, was unhappy on this evening of all evenings, when he should be quiet, the evening before the great Harvard-Yale boat race.

The next morning at ten o'clock the crews were in place. Oh, how the crowd on one side rang out that dear old college cry, "Rah-rah-rah, Rah-rah-rah, Rah-rah-rah, Harvard-Harvard-Harvard!" And how quick the snappy cry of old "Eli," rang across to meet it in mid-stream.

But Bob Ford sat in his seat and never heard a sound, his lips tightly compressed until it seemed as if the blood must burst through its prison walls.

Suddenly came the crack of a pistol, and the crowd on either side the river thundered, "They are off, and Harvard has first water!" At the half-mile stake the prows of the shells were even, each man moving like clock-work. Every oar took water at the same time, and every oar was feathered as if by a machine.

And so it was until the fifth half-mile stake was reached. Then Bob Ford raised the stroke from thirty-six to thirty-eight strokes per minute. But plucky, gingery, snappy little "Yale" was up to that mark before they had gained a half-boat length.

Then Bob raised it to forty and they were on the quarter-mile strip. But Yale was up to that, and Bob's heart sank within him. Every muscle was strained until it seemed as if it must part, his arms were almost wrenched out of their sockets, and the rush of blood to his brain sounded like the combined din of a rolling mill and a boiler shop. Now they are within two boat lengths of the finish and Yale has the slightest lead as they are about to pass Wellington's yacht where the judges are seated.

Suddenly a clear laughing voice rings out in the oppressive silence; "For Fair Harvard and the Bride, Bob," was what it said. It operated like an electric shock upon Bob Ford. Up again he raised the stroke, to forty-two. Again and again, and again did Yale try to raise her stroke but she could not do it. When they passed the last mile stake Harvard had a half boat-length lead. But Bob Ford dropped

into a faint as he heard the Harvard cheer burst out, mixed with the din of whistles, and the booming of cannon.

When he awoke, he found himself in Miss Wellington's own cabin with a very much frightened face bending over him. "He is all right now said the trainer. I will leave him to you."

"Forgive me, Bob, I did not mean to put so hard a labor upon you, dear," said Miss Wellington.

"But why did you give that other fellow the same chance?" growled Bob, his jealous nature asserting itself in spite of his best efforts to control it.

"Because," sweetly answered Beatrice, "I knew you would win."

J. H. VALLETT, '01.

MAIL HUSTLING.

The following is a brief sketch of an article which has interested me very much:

One has little idea of what has been going on between Chicago and the Pacific coast since the great mail-hustling order was sent out January first, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine. The Chicago and Northwestern and the "C. B. & O." are racing each other and the world. Twenty-one hours have already been gained between the Atlantic coast and California.

At about 8:30 o'clock any evening you may see lights flashing and men signaling, as the great Lake shore mail, eighty tons of it, rolls into Chicago. This is unloaded, carried in vans across the city and loaded again, and in an hour from its arrival it is ready to leave Chicago for Omaha. To do this, men must work like beavers, and rein in their horses covered with lather. With their precious burdens, the two huge western trains leave Chicago a short time apart and travel about parallel. When they halt at the Missouri River, five hundred miles have been run in about ten

hours, including all stops. This shows a speed of sometimes a hundred and more miles an hour.

No one is allowed on the trains without permit from the government. The clerks must work very hard before Omaha is reached on the following day. Each clerk on the run must know the precise location of over eighteen thousand different places and the quickest way to get a letter to any one of these. The mail is dealt out during the night into cases and sacks, held open by iron frames. The head man must see that the pouch for each station is ready when that place is reached. Clerks must put their names in the pouches they fill that no mistakes may be laid to the wrong persons.

These men sometimes work seventeen hours in twenty-four, their work days alternating with "off days." They earn from \$900 to \$1300 a year. This shows what is being done every day by these finely trained men and their iron horses. If this has been accomplished in so short a time after the invention of the locomotive, what may we not expect in the coming years? VERA FREEMAN, '02

IRISH WIT.

A lawyer having some papers to be signed by an old Irish lady, went to her house one morning for her signature. On his arrival he requested her to sign her name "here," indicating the spot.

"Och," said she, with a smile, "you sign it for me. For sure since I lost my glasses I can't write."

"Well, how do you spell your name, Mrs. S?"

"Martha, dear," she cried to her daughter, "come here directly an' shpell me name for the ginthleman; for sure since I lost me teeth I can't shpell a word."

Maude Olin, '02

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